FOOT-STEPS IN A PARISH

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

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PLEASE RETURN PROMPTLY

"The wicked borroweth and returneth not again." —Psalm XXXVII

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FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH

FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH

AN APPRECIATION OF
MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK
AS A PASTOR

BY

JOHN TIMOTHY STONE

HIS SUCCESSOR IN
BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH, BALTIMORE

"Others have laboured, and ye
are entered into their labour."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK 1908

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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To

THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF

BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH,

WHOSE LOVE AND FAITHFULNESS

HAVE CAUSED THOSE WHO HAVE MINISTERED TO THEM

TO RISE UP AND CALL THEM BLESSED

FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH

A PASTOR

"He knows but Jesus Christ, the crucified.
Ah, little recks the worldling of the worth
Of such a man as this upon the earth!
Who gives himself—his all—to make men wise
In doctrines which his life exemplifies.
The years pass on, and a great multitude
Still find in him a character whose light
Shines round him like a candle in the night;
And recognize a presence so benign
That to the godless even it seems divine.
He bears his people's love within his heart,
And envies no man, whatsoe'er his part.
His church's record grows, and grows again,
With names of saintly women-folks and men,
And many a worldling, many a wayward youth,
He counts among the trophies of his truth.
Oh, happy man! There is no man like thee,
Worn out in service of humanity,
And dead at last, 'mid universal tears,—
Thy name a fragrance in the speaker's breath,
And thy divine example life in death."

By Dr. J. G. Holland,
From *The Learned Professions.*

FOOTSTEPS IN A PARISH

"They ring for service," quoth the fisherman;
"Our parson preaches in the church to-night.
. . . He's a rare man,
Our parson; half a head above us all."

IN Jean Ingelow's beautiful poem, "Brothers and a Sermon," we find a fitting testimony of the one whose life *as a pastor* we are to consider:

I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—
This one man I remember, and his look,
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher folk
We passed and stumbled over mounds of moss,
And heard, but did not see, the passing beck.

Ah, graceless heart, would that it could regain
From the dim storehouse of sensations past
The impress full of tender awe, that night,
Which fell on me! It was as if the Christ
Had been drawn down from heaven to track us home
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been His.

Those who knew Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a pastor, a fellow-pastor or a friend, during any part of the thirteen years he spent in Baltimore, have little need of memory sketches of his life and love; for somehow his unique personality became ingrafted into their very lives. Years have passed since he left Baltimore to take up the pastorate of the Brick Church in New York, and much that has been said and written of him, naturally reflected that brief and marvellous pastorate there.

From the very first, my work in Baltimore was intimately associated with the work which he had so recently laid down. Prompted and convinced by him personally, more than by any other save the Divine Spirit, to take up the work here, I have always noted and gratefully welcomed his unmistakable footprints all along the way. Although we have well entered upon the ninth year since he trod the path before us, time and passing multitudes have not destroyed his footprints; and we are still reminded that "we can make our lives sublime." *Footsteps.*

All who knew him as a pastor have cherished the memory of those incidents which related him to them, for his was an ideal pastorate. The emphasis has well been placed upon

his power in the pulpit, and also upon the directness and force of his written word. His voice and pen are known, but no gift of his exceptional versatility surpassed his devotion and usefulness *as a pastor*. With this in view I have felt constrained to write, prompted not only by deep personal regard, but also by a sense of duty. Many new faces have come among his old parishioners, and there are countless children growing up who will never know him save as a name, unless we who knew and loved keep him before them and give them the blessing of incidental reminiscences. One cannot but believe that many ministers as well as students in our seminaries, may gain a blessing in the consideration of one who was so real and vital a force in his day and gen-

eration, and whose life incarnated, whose spirit breathed and whose face reflected his Master so unmistakably.

Although his recognized pulpit power is not the subject of our thought, perhaps, before leaving it entirely, a quotation from an article in "The Congregationalist," written shortly after his New York pastorate began, might be given:

As a Preacher

I would that I could reproduce his very language. He is a master of sharp, short Saxon words. Words of four syllables are scarce in his vocabulary. His sermon was only half an hour long, but it was what my old professor of homiletics would call a march, not a promenade. It moved to the one aim of bringing men, before they left that house, to say, "We will at once confess Christ before men." It dealt at close range

with each man's conscience. Though he said some severe things, the smile that played about his face, and the love that looked from his eyes proved that he was, as a friend at my side remarked, "the apostle of a religion of happiness."

I have heard some of the most noted revival preachers and evangelists of this century, but I have never heard the real gospel of Jesus pressed home more tenderly, logically and powerfully than that morning on Fifth Avenue. And I rejoiced that in that commanding centre, where Sunday after Sunday he speaks to the most wealthy and cultured classes of the metropolis, to club men and society women, Dr. Babcock is to stand possessing the light and terminology of modern scholarship, yet telling the "old, old story of Jesus and his love" in a way that in time must melt the walls of indifference.

We would also quote briefly from

that timely soul-stirring article by Mr. Robert E. Speer:—

"There was at the table reclining in Jesus' bosom, one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." Mr. Speer quotes this verse as the one doubtless called to mind by many in their thoughts of Dr. Babcock. He recalls their last meeting together.

Naturalness.

We were walking in the country, climbing a hill overlooking the Hudson, and the spring of his step was only a sign of the spring of his mind and soul. Suddenly he stopped to catch sight of a little bird on a tree, and watched it with delight swing to and fro on the frailest of twigs, while he quoted some lines from one who saw the symbol of spiritual freedom in the ease and liberty of the bird.

"Like as a bird, that lighted
Upon a branch that swings
Yet sways on, unaffrighted
Knowing he has his wings."

That was his own spirit—jubilant, sparkling. I never knew a life that seemed here on earth so truly to show forth the bright gladness of the life of those who stand "all rapture through and through, in God's most holy sight."

He continues:

Unselfishness.

No one ever touched Dr. Babcock without gaining some sense of his rich indifference to expenditure of himself. There was no incessant recurrence of the same notes, no repetition of phrases and anecdotes. He was himself always, but he was showing himself always careless of the out-go, prodigal with himself. He had enough and to spare. . . . He was perpetually seeing things in new ways and speaking of them so. His mind declined to work in trite and commonplace forms. In this as in many other things he was a real genius. There was a tingle and bite to his habits of thought and forms of speech that would have compelled

attention if they had not captivated it willingly. He did not seek to be philosophical or abstruse. He did seek to be personal and direct, and to clutch each man's conscience and will and life and soul with the jubilant, symphonic truth of God. Perpetually flashes of humour brightened all his talk. He could not have prevented them if he had tried. . . . He was a personal worker of superlative capacity. He was the very prince of pastors, full of the most ingenious devices of individual interest and generous personal love. He kept a record of the deaths in his congregation, and on the anniversary of the sorrow wrote to the one who mourned. He had called on every family in the Brick Church in New York, within the first year. . . .

Pastoral Calling.

Unique as a preacher, we turn to him as a pastor. Nothing in the large round of his regular and irregular duties interfered with his devo-

tion and faithfulness to pastoral visitation. Directly after his office hour, daily, he went into his parish. Few men could make as many calls and cover so wide an area. His sympathetic personality attracted to the church people from all parts of the city, to say nothing of a wide suburban following. Although regular and systematic in visiting definite districts, constantly he was compelled to hasten to far-separated points on account of sickness or distress. For many years he used a bicycle, and it is said that no one knew the definition of a straight line between two Baltimore points better than he, choosing almost instinctively the pavements which meant quickest transportation.

No doubt some pastors uninten-

tionally exaggerate the number of calls they really make, or are so swamped by the immense number they would like to make, that they fail to note the discrepancy between the ideal and the actual. Few pastors can make a large number of calls in an afternoon and still call satisfactorily. The ordinary pastor perhaps averages six or eight, taking into account the distances to be covered in a large parish. Dr. Babcock frequently made five or six an hour, and often fifteen or twenty in an afternoon. He was able to run in and out so as to accomplish the object of a pastor as well as if he had stayed longer. He had a way of running into homes where he knew all was well, and saying he simply ran in to say "Boo." In other

words the people knew through some such by-word that he was thinking of them but was too busy to stay longer. On one occasion, when asked why he could not stay longer, he replied: "Why, did you think I had time to come around here and bring my knitting?" He had a way frequently of asking the servant, when he was told that Mrs. So-and-So "would be down in a few minutes," to tell her he was going to run in next door, and would be back in five or ten minutes, adding that she would understand. When he did sit in the parlour and wait, it was always to utilize some book or magazine on the library table, or one from his pocket. His method of controlling the conversation was such that he quickly got down to the essential, and often

gave the impression that he had stayed much longer than he really had. He seemed to anticipate thoughtfully just what topics of vital interest should be approached and encouraged.

The afternoon's calling was invariably followed by numerous notes in the evening. The day's work was done day by day, hence the inertia and discouragement of accumulated details were overcome. Frequently a note simply contained a line or two with a bit of a poem or quotation enclosed which touched the individual case; sometimes merely a marginal word, or initials written upon the edge of a card. It was the personal touch all the way along, day by day, week by week, year in and year out.

His tireless, unceasing labour as a pastor is almost incomprehensible. Although the church numbered nearly eight hundred members, and almost double that in congregational adherents, he worked without an assistant, and aimed to call in each home during the year, many years attaining that aim.

Students. His work with students was remarkable, and although he did not by any means call upon all those who sat under his ministry, he followed up very carefully the men whom he did know, and with whom he was in touch. Students' rooms were often entered in a quiet, natural way. He sat down with the boys immediately, making them feel sufficiently at home so that pipes were not thumbed out, or coats drawn on.

In speaking of his work among young men, one already quoted says, "He never gave up hope, but once on a man's track, so to speak, he was never shaken off. He watched his man, let him alone, touched him again, met him when he was needed, and appeared to abandon him, while he bore him unceasingly on his heart, and was resolved never to let him go until brought to Christ. A perfect genius in conversation, flinging off sparks as from a blacksmith's anvil, he never lost sight of the spiritual end. He was filled with Christ's passion for men, and used his unrivalled gifts never for mere social ends but always for the diviner use."

Frankness.

He related the parish to the pulpit in many practical ways, and never hesitated to suggest from the pulpit

in a frank and simple manner, specific opportunities to assist. For instance, he occasionally referred to the inconvenience a pastor undergoes in hunting for people who have moved, simply because they fail to notify him. He would cite the thoughtfulness of a woman who would send down word when dressing or occupied, that she could not come down at once, and suggested his returning. He frequently used a telephone, or correspondence, to make appointments, where he had failed to gain access through the ignorance or carelessness of unreliable servants.

Always alert to commend, he did not hesitate to reprove the church in her failings, but always with the remedy at hand. Tardy attendance at church service, and an unfriendly

spirit toward strangers were reproved in the following editorial, which he wrote for the Church "Monthly:"

Tact.

The ushers of Brown Memorial are thoughtful men, held in honour for their work's sake if not for their patience. They earn a salary which is never paid, except when the members of the church, by words of sympathy and recognition, warm their hearts. In several ways we can lighten their spirits and lengthen their lives. Come *punctually* to church. It helps the order of God's house. It will give you a short preparatory service. To be a little ahead of time costs but a little thought, and will prove an investment from which fine dividends are drawn all through life.

Tell the usher, as you enter church, of any vacant seats in your pew. If you have sittings and the vestibule is crowded, go through the chapel or the yard of the Manse, and enter the church by one of the west doors.

Strangers should not do this. If you find your place taken, remember that the usher is but "dust and ashes," like yourself, and that this is a "well regulated family." Smile on him and say, "It is all right. I will take the stranger's chance to-day." So you will relieve his fears and find a saint's niche in his esteem. The service may be blessed to you from a new point of view.

Thoughtfulness.

When the church became overcrowded during the latter part of his pastorate in Baltimore, he frequently placed in the hands of a friend his card, asking the usher to give to the individual whose name was written upon the card a seat.

He had an arrangement with the sexton of the church, whereby numerous personal notes were answered through the medium of the church service. A drawer of his

desk was permanently designated for the faithful sexton. This was visited every Sunday morning before service, and numerous notes quietly placed in the hands of the ushers, who gave them to parishioners when entering or leaving the church, the number of the pew, or location in the church, frequently designated on the envelope as addressed.

Breadth.

Although loyal to the standards of his church, and believing in her consistent character, Dr. Babcock was not a narrow denominationalist. He was not anxious to make Presbyterians, but Christians, and as readily urged people to unite with other churches as with his own, when circumstances warranted it. To one he writes, "Just 'Why are you a Pres-

byterian?' is a question we do not ask you. If you are to be a better Christian by the grace of God and enjoy Him, the object of the Presbyterian Church has been accomplished."

To one who had received help at a church service, but who did not feel quite at home, and had written to make an appointment, he wrote, "You are welcome (pews, or no pews) if there is here the help you need. You need not give yourself any concern about uniting with this communion (we are all one in Jesus Christ). You need not unless you want to. I shall be glad to call on you at your home the first chance I get. Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plough ahead as a steamer does, rough or

smooth, rain or shine. Carry your cargo and make your port, is the point."

Teachers.

Many teachers, both in our public and private schools, some of whom were not identified with the church in membership, looked upon him as pastor. Even after his removal to New York, he kept in touch with many of them. He writes to one, "Your note gave me real pleasure. I wish you could have blown over here with the breeze. Blow into New York City some time when we are at home, and say at church that you are one of my 'old time friends,' and sit near the front, and then come to 14 East Thirty-seventh, and pick a bone with us. I hope the Summer will refresh you. To be useful is the

core and crown of life. Be more useful than ever. Remember me *thru the 'teacher coterie.'* Ever your friend, DOMINE B."

Recreation.

Although some have said that he did not know how to rest, those who knew him most intimately realized that change of employment was rest to one of his temperament. At the close of a vacation he writes: "There would be no deep colour, or real joy, in vacation, if it did not draw out the hard work and send us back heartier."

"He seemed to see the need, physical as well as mental, in some who were overworked and never failed to enlighten them. Let me suggest apropos of something in your note, that nature is a punctilious bookkeeper and charges up every

item in our vital account. It may be that you have been overdrawing, living beyond your means. Shut off the harshest note and put on the softest dulciano. I believe in getting tired. No one is worth anything to the world who does not get tired, but a day's work that a night will not rest, a year's work that a vacation will not rest, is not good work. Steady yourself, for you know you are of the intense kind. Leisurely is not lazily. The heart rests between its beats, and I know you know the secret of lifting your heart to the Lord, and letting it rest with Him even in the midst of your cares."

Correspondence.

He rejoiced in personal correspondence; questions which touched vital points. Probably no minister

ever had a larger *personal* correspondence. Scores of notes were often written in a day, and to each he gave his best, real self. For example, "You do me good like medicine, and I thank you heartily. Your friend is wrong. No earnest heart is hurt by words of appreciation."

He always dealt precisely with the problem at hand. To one in difficulty he wrote: "Obedience is the eye of the soul. Communion is the opportunity of obedience sooner or later rewarded. John 14 : 21, is true, unchangeable,—but just when Jesus manifests Himself is not said. Obey and trust. Ever your friend, M. D. B."

Brevity. His peculiar gift in brevity and exactness should be noted. He had

a remarkable way of putting words together, relating thought and euphony, condensing truth but lighting up dark skies as with an electric flash. To a nature-lover he wrote:

Thank you for your kindest words. I think of your friendship with pleasure and rejoice in your vision and your devotion to duty and beauty.

Note-Writing.

His pen was his servant as a pastor as much as his feet in calling, and especially in meeting individual problems. To one who had written her doubts as to Christian Science, he answered with the following letter:

I can only speak for myself. I would not consider Christian Science anything short of the Witch of Endor. The basis of it on which it certainly has helped many people is a truth always known and now more and more appreciated. . . . The power

of mind over matter! That is hardly explored yet, although Magnetism, Perkins "Metallic Tractors," Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Telepathy, and what not, have dug quite a way into the mountain. There is the practical human basis of C. S. on the divine side. I wish I knew what God thinks, but this much is true, that this new system *which denies the personality* of God (and that ends "our faith"), the reality of sin and the atonement, may call itself Christian, but is an infringement on the patent. I think C. S. neither Christian nor scientific. I could tell you of people I have known intimately, who were uplifted, exalted, cured and who afterwards absolutely collapsed, and in several distressing instances, died. Their whole system breaks down at death. Mrs. Eddy will die when her time comes just like the rest of us. They are full of words, and are covered up in inconsistencies. I would not have anything to do with them. I can give you all you want to read, if you

care to have me. I am in no way indifferent to the sufferings in this particular case nor to your heart. Cannot she claim God's goodness and power quite as well under James's auspices (James 5 : 15), as under Mrs. Eddy's? I send you a small book and clippings.

This little poem which follows is the one he enclosed and is a sample of a vast number he constantly used, always suggestive and to the point.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;
Commit to Him thy way.
What to thy sight seems dark as night,
To Him is bright as day.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;
He planned for thee thy life,
Brings fruits from rain, brings good
from pain,
And peace and joy from strife.

Rest in the Lord, my soul;
This fretting weakens thee.
Why not be still? Accept His will;
Thou shalt His glory see.

His correspondence reached to all. The man who delivered milk at the house, the street-car conductor or the piano-tuner, were looked upon not so much as servants, but as friends. To his piano-tuner, he once wrote:

Enclosed find Two Dollars ($2.00) for your last medical services to your patient in the parlour. Our quartette is broken up for the summer, and our house is to be cleaned out in a week or two. With heartfelt appreciation for all your kindnesses, and with the hope that next winter your professional services will be called for, I am

Yours very truly,
M. D. B.

He was gifted in helping two

persons at the same time, as the following letter will show:

DEAR MR. BLANK:
A poor woman in our church has a piano which a blind man used to tune for One Dollar. If you can afford to do it for that price, call at the enclosed address, presenting this card. Then, when you are in our neighbourhood, cast your friendly eye and turn your critical ear upon my piano.

When he went to New York his immediate duties increased immeasurably, but no detail of need seemed to escape his notice and loving thought. He seemed to appreciate George Eliot's thought, "I desire no future that will break the ties of the past." All kinds of personal notes went to different people. His same old piano-tuner received the following letter:

Before I leave for my work, I wish to tell you how much I appreciate the perfection of the work you have done on my piano (and violin, too), and the punctuality and politeness that have always characterized you. Wherever I am, I hope you will always think of me as your sincere friend.

Acknowledgments.

Every kindness and gift was promptly and characteristically acknowledged. A bouquet of wild flowers brought at once this note:

Oh, so beautiful and refreshing! How near flowers bring your thoughts to children, birds, angels and the good God!

In acknowledging a Christmas gift from one of the older members of the church he wrote:

Happy, hearty thanks to you, and many more New Years, as the loving

Father thinks best, and 100000000000000000000000000000 in the life to come.

An elder who had brought him a brace of partridges from a little hunting trip in Virginia, received an illustrated card portraying a man walking in the mountains, with the sun rising, and his gun discharging over his head, with the words "Many thanks," and the date.

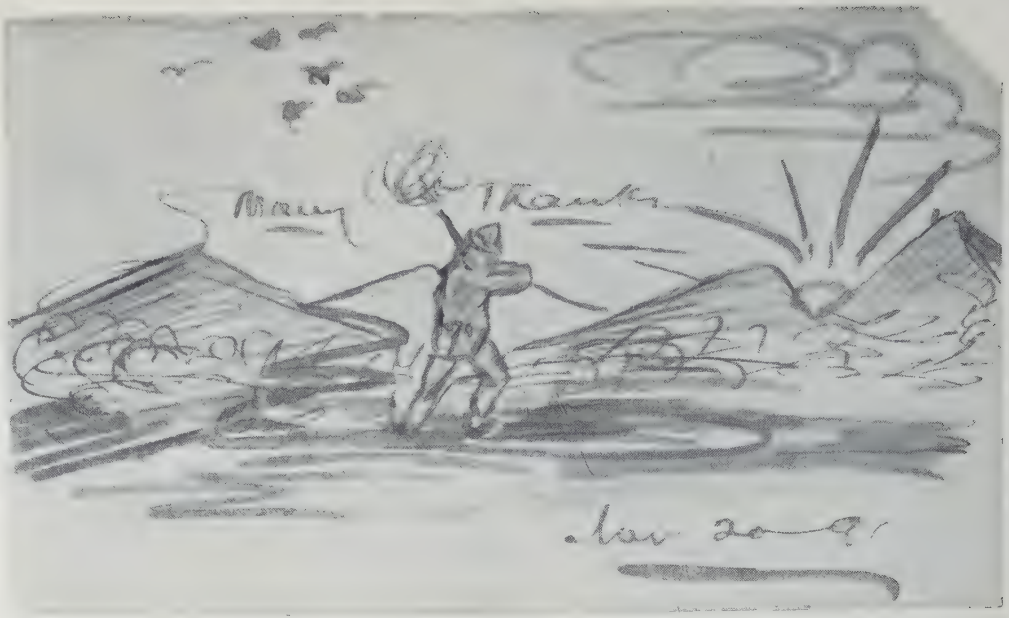
Sympathy.

One of the most characteristic illustrations of the far reach of his sympathy and love is related by a mother in one of the other large parishes of his own denomination. The only daughter in the home had suddenly been stricken with a disease, slow but necessarily fatal, which ultimately caused her death. The church of which she was a member had been for some

time without a pastor. That Summer he spent abroad. When in Edinburgh, he remembered a former conversation with this girl and thought of her in her illness, and without a pastor. Recalling this conversation they once had together in regard to Edinburgh, he wrote a long and beautiful letter, explaining how much he knew she must miss a pastor at that time. It was not as if he had taken time to do these things from the duties of his own parish, for this was the "second mile" in his life, and one who so constantly and faithfully remembered those of his own membership, naturally and spontaneously gave his best to others also.

Young People.

He entered into the life of the young of the parish by a sympathetic



Mr. Babcock's acknowledgment of a brace of partridges

understanding and appreciation of all their occupations. The *reading* of the young lives was constantly a matter of interest to him. To one he writes:

With the selections of your reading in Thackeray, Eliot and Dickens, I am in deep sympathy. Why will people drink muddy water, when such clear-flowing can be had?

A vacation letter in answer to one whose love for nature always was recognized, says:

Store up these lovely memories, and be faithful, and let all the holiness of beauty lure you to the beauty of holiness. I pray that seeing God in everything may lead you to showing Him in everything. May Summer rest be Winter work for us all.

All kinds of suggestions he had to interest the boys and girls in the parish. When visiting the galleries

in Paris, on the trip taken in 1898, he wrote:

One of the pleasantest ways of eating your cake and having it too, is making an album of famous pictures. They can be picked up here and there in magazines, or bought for little money in large quantities. Little by little your acquaintanceship grows, and with it your works of art and genius. More education and cultivation can be gained from such a course than coins, stamps, or autographs can give. I will be glad to hear that any of the boys and girls at home will make a beginning, and I will aid and abet them all I can.

His marvellous thoughtfulness was seen on his last trip to the Holy Land. Just before he was called from earth I received the following note from him, dated—

Bethel, first half day out of Jerusalem.

I have ordered four hundred cards adorned with flowers of Palestine, to be sent to you for the Brown Memorial Sabbath School Scholars, with oldtime love and greeting. The Brown Memorial travellers are doing well and adding much to the pleasure of the party. This picture is of the edge of the Valley Kedron, looking from Jerusalem toward Mount of Olives. Love to you and our friends. *The Children*

These cards are now framed and adorn hundreds of homes in Baltimore and elsewhere.

His love and interest in the children was singularly beautiful. If ever a man loved them he did, but few took so much time with them. His notes to the children are fascinating. Would that we could exactly reproduce many, showing his quick and striking use of illustration. Here

is a note to the Junior Department in the Sunday School:

Child Letters.

My dear Junior Brothers and Sisters:

I hope you will all be true to your promise and true to your Saviour and Master, this year. Attend punctually the meetings, learn your verses, take your part, remembering that these are the most important days of your life, beginning good habits or bad ones. The wax gets hard in the shape it was when soft. The dough cake bakes in the form of the pan. The hot iron gets cold and stiff in the mould, and children make or mar their lives before they are twelve. Try every day to please Jesus, and you will grow up to be like Him. Ever your friend,

M. D. Babcock.

A Easter gift from two little sisters prompted the following:

Thank you for the green egg and the pink basket. I appreciate your

thinking of me when you have so much to learn, and so many games to play, and so many little friends, and so many good meals to eat, and *everything*. I hope you will both ask yourselves every day, "What can I do to make some one happy to-day?" This will help to make your life like the life of the loving Saviour.

Ever your friend,

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Even a valentine from two little sisters had a unique reply which is reproduced in facsimile opposite page 40.

Children's Sermons.

His children's sermons, given at least twice during the year, were anticipated and remembered. He once said, "Talking to children is one of the most delightful tasks in the world, but talking to children before adults is like David dancing before the Lord with Michal looking out of

the window." But he forgot the adults, and *talked* directly to the children, and frequently on Children's Day asked them to write for him extracts of the sermon. Children never have forgotten his love for the word *Grow*, which he fixed in the memory by the acrostic "*Go Right On Working.*" The following selections from his sermons, as remembered by nine-year old listeners, show his power as well as his simple impressive style:

Glorifying God.

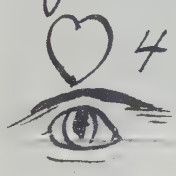
What is the chief end of man? It is neither his head nor his feet, but the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. What is meant by glorifying? It means to do our very best to praise the one who has helped us. For example: Some one asked a little girl to play a piece on the piano, and she said, "Oh, no, I could not think of such a thing."

REV. MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK,
BROWN MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
BALTIMORE.

My dear little friends

Thank U

from the bottom of my

 4 my Valentine.

hope U.R both

very 2 day.

B good !

Very truly Yours

M.D. Babcock

Feb 15. 1877

A reply to a valentine from two sisters

She was asked, "How long have you been taking lessons?" "For two years," she said. Well, this little girl was not glorifying her teacher. Another little girl was asked if she could play a piece. She said, "Yes, sir, you are very kind to ask me," and she played very well, only making a few mistakes. She was asked, "How long have you been taking lessons?" and she replied, "One year." Well, that little girl was glorifying her teacher. What is man for? Man was made to do the best he could to glorify God. He was not made to kick like a mule, nor bark and snarl like a dog, nor to be a dumb figure dressed up like those in front of the clothing stores. Like a watch, he was made for a certain purpose. The best thing a watch can do is to keep correct time. It is not to be used to prop up a broken piano leg, or for any other strange use. Every one has his share of good to do even if he is poor and helpless.

March 17, 1891.

Once upon a time Jesus was in a house with many people. He saw a blind man coming. Do you think He said, "What can I get this man to do for me?" No, Jesus thought, "What can I do for this poor blind man?" Jesus "went about doing good." Acts 10:38. You should not go around teasing your little brother and sister. You do not want this on your tombstone, "This is the child who teased everybody." You should not always want the largest piece of anything. You do not want this on your tombstone, "This was a greedy child." You should be kind to everything.

Once a gentleman was walking along the street, when he saw a dog wagging his tail and trying to get in a gate. He thought, "What can I do for this poor dog?" He laid down his satchel, walked across the street, opened the gate and let him in, and made the dog feel glad.

I would rather be a stream of water than a pool, for it goes around

doing good. The birds come down and drink out of it. It runs through the spring-house and keeps the milk cool. It dampens the farmer's ground and does lots of good. But the pool stands still, just as stingy as can be, with nothing but frogs and tadpoles in it.

The Door.

The door is the entrance to any place. I suppose you have passed through at least six doors to-day; the bed-room door, the bath-room door, and if every boy and girl had their breakfast they passed through the dining-room door, front door, Sunday School door and church door. There are ugly doors which you bang! When the boys come home from school, they think so much about the piece of ginger-bread they are going to get, that they leave the front door open, and baby catches cold. Presently mother calls, "Where in the world does that draft come from? You, Harry, shut that door." Then Mr. Harry gives the door a bang. That is the same as

making the door swear. Doors hang on a very small thing called a hinge. Not long ago, as a minister was walking across the fields, he became very thirsty, so he stopped at a house and asked a pretty little girl for a drink of water. "Certainly," she said, and she brought him a dipper full. Then he asked her if she knew who said, "I am the water of life," and she said "Jesus." Then he asked her if she ever asked for this water of life. and she said "No." So he passed on. Some years later, when he was on a steamboat, a lady came up to him and asked him whether he knew her. "No," he said, "I do not." "Do you not remember some time ago when you were crossing the field, and you stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water?" "Yes," said he, "I believe I do." "Well, I am that little girl, and I have been a Christian ever since." This was a large door on a very small hinge.

The following is from an eight-year-old boy:

The Bees. The bees are always busy. They are not like the flies. Flies are lazy. The way bees talk, they talk with their two hairs in the front of their mouth. Sometimes they say, "There is a bug over there. Let us go and get it." The next is about its body. It is a little round thing with several wings on it. Its tongue is as long as its body. Now suppose your tongue was as long as your body. Now, wouldn't it be funny when the doctor comes, if he would say, "Put out your tongue." The third thing is about its legs. When they come out of the flowers the powder is all over their backs. Then they use their feet to brush it all off. Their legs are just like brushes. The female bees are always busy. They are not like the male bees. They are lazy, fly low to the ground, and keep up a nasty buzz. The females are very useful. They go out and get honey and sap. The things they live in are called hives. Sometimes a snail gets into the hive, and the bees sting it to

The Bees.

death, and then fly out and get some sap or gum and spread all over it. The bees teach us a lesson about not being lazy. Whenever father or mother are sick or tired, ask them if you can't go on the errand for them. If they are better tell them they better go driving and I will stay at home.

This from a nine-year old:

The King's House.

My dear Pastor: This is what I remember of the sermon. Don't hit people younger than yourself. It is a bad spirit that makes you do it. . . . There are four things, the temple, the bad man, the porter, and the King. The temple is yourself, the bad man is Satan, the Porter is the man that lived in the King's house, the King is the Lord. The Porter kept the King's house very clean and nice, but one day the bad man came and said to the Porter that he was one of his friends; and the Porter said, "Are you?" "Yes," was the reply. Then the Porter said, "If you are, you can come in," and the bad man

came in, and when he did, he took a sword out of his breast and said: "This house is mine, and you are my slave." The Porter was afraid, but the bad man was stronger than he. The bad man put bad books on the tables, and bad pictures on the walls. Soon the King came and said to the Porter, "Open the door." But the bad man shook his fist at him, and told him not to open the door. Then the Porter heard a sound that said that he better had, that it would be better for him, so when the bad man's back was turned, the Porter opened the door, and the King said, "Get out of this house." Then the King made a good house out of it, and you would have thought it another house. After that, the bad man came again and again, but the Porter would not let him in.

Dr. Babcock instituted the custom of the Church Session giving a Bible to each baptized child who had attained the age of twelve years. This

is what he prepared to be placed in each Bible.

Bible Inscription.

When Jesus was twelve years old He was taken to the Temple at Jerusalem, because He was no longer a little child, but a youth who would soon be a man. We feel to-day that when you are twelve years of age you are old enough to think earnestly about right and wrong, and about your rapidly forming character. We believe that you are the Lord's. You were given to Him in Baptism by your parents, and were thus recognized as a child-member of Christ's Church. As such a member, you have received from us a Bible. It tells of God's love to you (Jer. 31 : 3, Mark 10 : 14, Romans 5 : 8, 1 John 4 : 7–11). If God loves you and has given Jesus to be your Saviour and Friend, will you not of your own accord give yourself to Him? (Romans 12 : 1, 2 Cor. 5 :14, 15). He will accept you (Matt. 11 : 28–30, John 6 : 37). He asks you to trust Him and to try to

please Him. He asks you to obey Him, and says that He will accept your obedience for love (Matt. 7 : 24, 25, John 14 : 21–23, 1 John 2 : 5). You are not saved because you try to be good, but you try to be good because you are saved. A Christian life is living your thanks to God for His love to you (1 John 4 : 19). Because Jesus died for you, you try to live for Him.

When you know you have given yourself to Him, and are going to do your best to obey and serve Him, confess Him as your Saviour and come to His table (Matt. 10 : 32–33.

Read your Bible every day to know more about God's love and your duty (2 Timothy 3 : 15). Be obliging, obedient, pure, trustful, unselfish, forgiving, industrious, persevering, punctual. Do not read anything your conscience disapproves. Do not criticise unless it is your duty. Live the Golden Rule, the life of Love (Matt. 7 : 12, Acts 20 : 35, John 13 : 34).

If you are in doubt about anything,

think what Jesus would do (1 John 2 : 6), and pray to your Father in Heaven to show you what is right and to help you to do it. Try to live so that Jesus will be pleased; so that you will make your home, your school, your church, your work, your play better and not worse on your account; so that People will learn about Jesus and the Christian life through you (Matt. 5 : 16); so that at last you may hear the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant." (Matt. 25 : 21.)

This was signed by the Pastor and Clerk of the Session.

"*Do It Now.*" (His Life Motto.)

The following incident taken from a recent sermon at Brown Memorial Church, upon "The Sunday School," I use as personal testimony of Dr. Babcock's value of *work* among the children:

There are numbers of children who

are not regularly in any Sunday School. The most effective way to reach these families is through the children. Some fifteen years ago, Dr. Babcock was walking down a street in Baltimore within half a mile of our church, and saw a little girl fall on the sidewalk. He helped her to her feet, and as she looked up at him in surprise and gratitude, he asked her whether she went to Sunday School. Receiving a negative reply, he called soon at her house, and invited the child and her mother to come to church and Sunday School. They came, and became regular attendants. Within a month or two, a little cousin in a neighbouring street came with them, and another family was reached. Not to go into details, to my knowledge, six persons have united with this church as the direct result of following up that brief conversation with the little child who had stumbled. And better still, a half dozen families have through this incident, taken their natural place in

the church through the Sunday School. Is not this a picture of our principle? Is not the church of Christ His divinely appointed institution to lead us nearer to Him and to associate us more nearly in His service? Is not the Church of Christ the "Meeting House" of the homes and the community, and not only the place where individuals may meet and worship God, but a place where the family altar may receive a deep inspiration in the common worship with other firesides? Through the child in the Sunday School, the homes without God should find the church, and the church should find them.

The City. His pastoral work touched the entire city. All in need seemed to seek him. His warm heart and practical human interest made him a magnet for those out of employment and consequently in distress! Old residents in the city, and those who are com-

petent to judge, claim this to be true to a greater degree than with any one who has ever resided in Baltimore, and there was a cause for this. His unfailing sympathetic reply was usually followed by the securing of a situation for the person in need. After a time this caused much comment, and frequently astonishment. "At this time," writes one who was in close touch with the factories, foundries, mills, etc., and who knew of many changes among employés, "if Dr. Babcock was especially interested in a man or woman, I do not recall a single instance in which employment was not there. If I anticipated great trouble, a letter from him to a member of the firm (whether known by him or not) seemed to act like magic. I have known firms hav-

ing no vacancy to take on an extra man more than once on account of a letter from him. His magnetism extended to Jew and Romanist alike. Influential men among both, when asked to enlist in the cause of securing employment for some unfortunate one, would confer and generally land the man safely. So far had the knowledge of this spread, that finally certain persons comfortably situated in desirable positions, wrote endeavouring to better their conditions, but the talisman was not used for such cases." Almost more than human insight seemed to detect the motive which was not genuine and worthy.

Students Again.

Students always sought him, and were sought out by him, that he might

meet their need. At his death, a former Johns Hopkins student wrote of him as "a personal loss to hundreds of former students scattered all over the world." He refers to him as a favourite with the young men of the university, who were helped and encouraged by his pure life and heart-to-heart preaching. He was especially kind and helpful to those struggling with poverty and assisted many, regardless of church affiliations, to obtain the employment necessary to finish their course. He singled out those who were obliged to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations in Baltimore, and invited them to his cheerful home, and they really felt they were among friends who had deep interest in their welfare.

At the Colleges. The influence over college men, as he met them, was just as strong as his influence in the pulpit. "The Harvard University Forum," of January 25, 1898, contains an article which shows the impression he made there.

Harvard. On Saturday morning appeared this notice in the "Crimson": "Reverend M. D. Babcock, of Baltimore, will conduct service at Appleton Chapel to-morrow evening. He is regarded as one of the most conspicuous young preachers of the Presbyterian Church in the East, and has been called to several of the largest pastorates. This will be his first visit to Harvard."

Knowing that Dr. Babcock is a Syracuse graduate, and that he delivered the Alumni oration in Crouse Hall in 1895, I went down to Appleton to hear him.

Before the hymn was finished read-

ing, the speaker had produced a favourable impression on the audience. Standing in the high Puritan pulpit, overlooking a church of pillars, galleries and high-backed seats full of Harvard men, he looked, in his robes, not unlike a clergyman of the Church of England. No fire, however, was lacking in voice or manner. He went straight to his subject. Every man is an individual with a work. Not "learning for learning's sake," not "truth for truth's sake," but self-culture for self-consecration; self-mastery for service! Clear, modulated voice, pungent argument, and strenuous earnestness, relieved at times by a light touch of humour, waked up that audience as Harvard audiences seldom are awakened.

After his sermon was over, and as the great organ was playing the postlude, I heard a man say to his neighbour, "I've been studying 'for learning's sake,' but I believe he's right!" The next day I saw several

that believed "he's right," and the whole college has been talking of him ever since.

His Photograph. During those years which immediately followed his annual visit, the students' rooms throughout the schools and colleges where he preached had his photograph in evidence. This was especially true in room after room among the boys in the fifth and sixth forms at the Hill School, for here particularly he seemed to have a hold upon their hearts, and frequently when I have been calling on the boys in their rooms, a happy lad would say, as I stopped before the photograph, "He gave that to me himself."

The Hill School. In speaking of the Hill School, memory goes back to the occasion of my first visit there during the Winter

of nineteen hundred and one or two. Many demands for outside work came to me those first years in Baltimore, especially from the schools and colleges, and it was wise to decline most invitations. But when the invitation came from the Hill School, I recalled a single remark he made on the night of my installation. His part was the charge to the pastor, but just before we entered the church, in his happy pleasantry of impulsive suggestion, he said, "Do not say 'Yes' to all the invitations you get, but if they ask you to go up to preach to the boys at the Hill School, *you go*." This made a dent in my memory, because much of his charge was devoted to the counsel of refusing outside and additional work.

The first time I visited the Hill

School will ever be fresh in my memory. They were in the old chapel then, or the long general class room used as a chapel. His favourite hymns were used. I did not feel like an interloper but as if his very presence gave inspiration and personality to the message. The warm welcome from all immediately touched a responsive chord, which vibrated, and has vibrated as the years have gone by. Those manly boys in the upper forms all remembered him on that January day, and during the service I referred to the personal wish he had expressed as to them, if the invitation came to preach. Every fellow seemed linked to him through his affectionate, winsome personality, and many a hand-shake which was mine that day, I recognized as alive

with the ambition and spirit he had created.

Student Conferences.

Somewhat similar was the response everywhere with students. The Summer previous, at Asheville, at the Southern Student Conference, one of the manly young leaders in the work of a Southern university greeted me with the remark that he had found Christ one Sunday morning when visiting his brother, then a student at Johns Hopkins University, with whom he attended church at Brown Memorial.

On entering the chapel when preaching at Princeton, the Fall of that same year of nineteen hundred and two, the old care-taker, upon hearing that I came from Baltimore, remarked, "We had a man from Baltimore here three years ago, who

kept the boys awake. In fact they did not seem to want to have him stop preaching." (Any man who knows college students, realizes the force of this compliment.) One may well imagine the preacher's feeling of helplessness with such an introduction, but the day was unique in that it was the first Sunday of President Wilson in his executive capacity, and perhaps the novelty of things in general alleviated distress.

Searching Men Out.

The following information comes to me as personal testimony from one now a successful physician in our city, but formerly a missionary under our Foreign Board, whose return was occasioned by ill health in his family:

In 1893, my plans for earning my college expenses having fallen through, I found myself facing the

situation of paying for room, food and college fees with twenty dollars in my pocket. My chum, like myself, a medical student preparing for the Foreign Field, was in the same case. We chose Baltimore as a place where living expenses are cheaper than in New York, paid the college fees, rented a room and hunted up the cheapest places to buy food. We found that it would be possible after paying fifty cents a week apiece for room rent, to live on one dollar's worth of food, and started in on this basis; but even so, our funds soon ran short and the problem of earning a few dollars became a vital one. One day as I was walking back from college, I remembered how pressing this need had become. As I neared my lodging (a little upper-story back room on Broadway), I noticed a bicycle at the door of the house, but paid no attention to it, and wended my way upstairs, trying as I passed the family downstairs to be as cheerful as usual.

Individual Needs.

In my room, an angel in disguise was awaiting me, for there sat a man whom my room-mate introduced as Dr. Maltbie Babcock, pastor of Brown Memorial Church. Without further ceremony, he said to me, "Do you know me? Did you ever hear me speak on the subject 'Overcoming Difficulties'? Have you ever been to the Y. M. C. A.? and did you write a letter to me, and not sign your name, as being a young man who had overcome difficulties?"

As soon as I could catch my breath, after this business-like beginning, I replied, "Yes, I have heard of you, and have heard you speak; but as to writing the letter, I cannot say, for I often write letters and forget them as soon as they are written." So he went on to describe the letter which said in substance, "I have heard you speak this afternoon on the subject of 'Overcoming Difficulties,' and wondered whether I could not tell you something about overcoming difficulties in

the way of getting an education. I have been living in a garret, and my food and rent have only cost me one dollar and a half a week," etc., etc.

"Well," I said, "Dr. Babcock, that suits my case, and the writing looks like mine, but I do not remember doing it."

Then he said, "Do you know Reverend C. H. Daniels, of Boston?" I said "Yes." "Well, he sent me to you, and do you know how?" I could not imagine, so he said, "Well, it was this way. When I received your anonymous letter, I put it away with the sermon, 'Overcoming Difficulties,' and when I preached that sermon at Dr. Daniels's church in Boston in the Spring, I related this little incident, and said, 'I have often wished that I could find those boys who are striving so hard to get an education.' After service, Dr. Daniels said to me, 'Dr. Babcock, I can tell you who one of those young men is, for he has written to me telling me of his work in Balti-

more where he is preparing to go as a medical missionary.' When I returned home this letter was awaiting me, the name and 215 N. Broadway given, asking me to please go to see you and find out how you are getting along. So here I am, ready to do anything I can to help you; and you know there are many people in my congregation who stand ready to give me anything I need to help those who help themselves. So don't you hesitate to call upon me at any time. Good-bye," and he was gone. But let me say that the next mail brought a check for five dollars, which was the first of several received that Winter. Not only this, he did not forget to see that we had a good Christmas dinner and often gave us an order for groceries at the best store in town.

All through the following Winter, Dr. Babcock still watched over us, and when my room-mate fell ill with typhoid fever, he stood by us in all our difficulties. After my gradua-

tion and hospital service was over, when I was ready to sail for Africa and was married, we both joined Brown Memorial Church, and his helpful letters to me on the field were always of good cheer.

A dear friend has just written me a letter regarding him, which adds to our thought. She writes:

He opened every window of his soul toward Him who is love, Who "went about doing good," then turned his glad face to every creature that crossed his path, and light and warmth radiated from him to them. The little children that he met always received his cheery smile. Yes, it once pleased him that a common little English sparrow continued to drink when he had passed close to it.

Trifles.

He knew the value of trifles. It is out of littleness that greatness germinates. He realized that words and acts are seeds. Only God can estimate the harvest. This kept him

alert for opportunities. Once noticing on the train a bright, intelligent boy who was plying his mother and sister with questions until their patience was exhausted, he beckoned to the boy and showed him a new watch with a peculiar mechanism which he explained to the delighted child. Suddenly the boy exclaimed, "I know you, sir, you preached in our church in Washington one Sunday on 'Luck.' I liked that sermon, but people are lucky sometimes, aren't they?" In the sermon to which the boy referred occurred the true definition of the accidental, "Luck is law unrecognized. Chance is purpose in disguise." I do not doubt that the sermon that followed addressed to the one little listener in reply to his eager question was as full of thought as the memorable one to the great congregation.

Human Nature.

He knew human nature. He studied it in the lives of his own congregation and the people that daily crossed his path, and the material

thus gained was woven into his sermons. In his prayers more powerful than his sermons, his people felt that he was indeed their priest bringing their individual needs to the "Great High Priest."

The Word.

He knew the Word of God, the revelation of the Divine nature and the key which unlocks the mystery of the other two volumes and converts knowledge into life.

In a sermon on "The Bible" he once said:

The Bible holds its influence over men, not because it is thousands of years old, but because it is a present answer to present needs. This Book will keep you from sin or sin will keep you from this Book.

The following illustration he also used at the time:

Some years ago, two gentlemen were riding together, and as they were about to separate, one ad-

dressed the other thus: "Do you ever read your Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because, to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "but God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend, that to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off the saddle into the skies, so great was the truth it opened up to his soul.

Ministerial Courtesy.

He never defined the limit of his parish with any degree of strictness. Every courtesy and thoughtful attention was extended to the interests of other pastors and churches. Whenever he crossed the line of another pastor, he quickly stepped aside to let the other have his full place. As a neighbour, he never hesitated to enter a home where there was need, no matter what the church relation. One night on coming home to the manse

quite late, he saw a light burning in an unaccustomed place in the home of an invalid. Following his impulse he was quickly on the steps, and after ringing the bell quietly, inquired if there was anything he could do to help. It was just the moment when a friend was needed, and his thoughtfulness has never been forgotten, not only by the family benefited, but by the entire neighbourhood. It is only another illustration of that wonderful truth, often forgotten, that impulse prompted by loving thought seldom goes astray.

Confidence in Men.

The footprints would not lead us far enough if we did not follow them a little farther into the personal realm. Peculiarly he seemed to possess the gift of discriminating insight as to

character, and was able to distinguish between the man with honest purpose and will and the one who feigned sincerity. We would not so exaggerate as to claim that errors of judgment were never made, but repeated incidents show that the percentage of such mistaken confidence with him was almost at the minimum.

One morning, a close friend and prominent banker, responded to his call over the 'phone, and was requested to let a certain man, who was on his way down to the bank, have one hundred dollars on *his* account. Dr. Babcock added, "I will be down in a few hours and fix it up with you." The banker replied, suggesting that perhaps he did not know that this particular man was a worthless and well-known dead beat. He also

volunteered that the man would be glad to get fifty cents, to say nothing about a hundred dollars. The reply came, "Well, I believe he has started on a different track. I am sure he can be trusted. You let him have the one hundred dollars, and take his note for it." In recounting the incident later, the banker admitted that he had never let an equal sum go out of his hands more reluctantly. He followed implicitly Dr. Babcock's directions, taking the note, and, of course, failed to hear from the man. Some two or three years later, a gentleman walked into his private office, well-dressed, alert and straightforward. "You do not know me," he said. Upon gaining a negative reply, he added, "You do not seem to remember letting me have

one hundred dollars some years ago at Dr. Babcock's request. I think you have my note for the same. I have come in to pay that note with full interest to date." He then stated he had gone directly to his home, had begun life anew, and had been successful and happy. He added, "Nobody believed in me in Baltimore outside of Dr. Babcock, and he was the first man who gave me any faith in myself."

Conversation.

He had a way of controlling the conversation in lines related to the special interests of the home or individual. The subject nearest to heart-need was delicately introduced, confidence being established at once. The approach to the inner life was never suggested unless he saw the

door open, yet with perfect frankness he made his errand known, and sometimes even ran the risk of opening a troubling question when he was assured that there was uneasiness and anxiety.

A mother's heart was being broken by a dissolute son. Night after night the neighbours knew the old story, as carriage or friend would bring him home intoxicated. He knew that mother's heart, and also her delicate sensitiveness, so unwilling to realize that others knew. Upon shaking hands with her as he left, he quietly said, "Remember me to your son and ask him to stop after the service some Sunday evening; I have a favour he can do for me." That man became interested, and in time was reclaimed.

Informality.

Before or after the Summer season, when spending a few weeks in town alone, he had the habit of calling up certain homes by 'phone, and telling them he would be around for lunch, or dinner. In some cases, he did not hesitate to run in without the slightest invitation to breakfast. At one time, feeling he did not know a gentleman in the parish quite as well as he desired, and knowing his genial nature and kindly spirit, he told him he was coming in some morning for breakfast. After a quick run on his wheel in the park, he stopped at the house one morning, and asked the butler if Mr. So-and-So was at home. He then asked him to show him to the guest's bath room, and after taking a bath, came down to breakfast to greet the family. His happy host in recounting

the incident later, said that nothing he ever did so touched him in the display of his confidence and friendship.

Sorrow.

It is said, "To know Dr. Babcock well, to realize what a friend he could be—one must have trouble." A close friend in the parish writes: "I had the misfortune during the two years he was my pastor to be both healthy and happy, yet it was in one of life's dark hours that I first went to Brown Memorial and it was there that the help came. He did more to educate me in those two short years than all the schools I had attended. My letters are rather personal, but there are some beautiful thoughts in them, and I shall be glad to leave them with you for you and Dr. Babcock are now inseparably associated. One of

the great secrets of his success lay in the fact that like his Master, he addressed the potentiality, not the actuality, in his hearers. 'Take up thy bed and walk.' 'Thou *art* Peter.'" We can never help any one in whom we do not believe. Dr. Babcock made each man feel that he had faith in him because there is no limit to the possibility that even the weakest can attain in Christ. Quoting from one of his sermons, he alludes to the unnecessary anxiety of many:

> For every trial God sends, He gives sufficient grace for its endurance; but He promises no grace with which to bear anticipations, and we little know how very large a portion of our mental sufferings arises from anticipation of trial.

At the Piano.

His gift in times of sorrow may be seen in this incident. A young woman

had lost one of her parents. It was her first great sorrow. Life was dark, every day cloudy. Her piano had not been touched, and before it had been her greatest joy, almost a passion, for she played beautifully. He had not been able to see her when he called before! Her friends seemed to have no way of cheering her. As the servant took his card, he said: "I do not think she will see you," but at his word went upstairs. Almost immediately there came into her room above the distant but certain strains of her favourite sonata. The soft pedal could not smother the personality of the marvellous touch she knew so well. Before the card had reached the third story, she with blinded eyes was hastening down. The spell was broken. After ten minutes between

pastor and motherless child, the sunlight had riven the cloud, and from the front door she went back again to her dear companion, to let heart and hand blend in sympathy and comfort.

"Be Strong."

One afternoon, the room I entered was a little parlour in a modest home on one of the side streets. A little child let me in, and came running back to tell me that her mother would be in in a few moments. As I lifted the shade to spend the time glancing over the evening paper, my eye fell upon the opposite wall, and there was his picture neatly framed; just above in an artistic setting, his little poem, "Be Strong." Near by hung another small frame, with one of the four hundred cards of pressed flowers

sent to the Sunday School children from the Holy Land on that last trip. Suddenly the walls of that room seemed to expand. A vision of scores of such scenes was called to mind, not only in quiet, unassuming homes like this, but also among the wealthy. In delicate frame, amid the varied costly ornaments of the mantel-piece, or in some conspicuous or honoured spot upon the wall this same picture hangs. Scarcely a home which he knew throughout the entire parish in which his photograph is not seen; often upstairs on the little stand near the bedside, or chair of an invalid, or shut-in.

Fellow Ministers

His relationship to the ministers of the city was close and personal, and never controlled by denominational lines. Recently at a little gathering

of ministers representing many denominations, a like testimony came from three of differing creeds. Of the many letters of welcome from fellow pastors when they came to Baltimore, Dr. Babcock's had been the first received. Similar testimony was expressed from the same men as to his letters of sympathy. One pastor of long years' standing in the city referred to a serious personal accident some fifteen years before. He said that the first of four hundred letters of sympathy which he received reached him from Dr. Babcock, sent by a special messenger. This is another illustration of the place which the word "now" had in his vocabulary. In this particular instance it was stated that he must have received the news of this accident by tele-

phone or by word of mouth, and immediately dispatched his note.

Chicken-Pox.

There was a little girl, sick with chicken-pox, strange to say, very sick. She grew worse each day. The doctor said she must see no one. She seemed so sad and discouraged. If she could only be her own happy little self again! Just to laugh once would mean that she was getting better, so the doctor said. Dr. Babcock never asked if he might go upstairs, but slipped away from those in the parlour, saying, "I'll be back in a minute." Into the chamber he stole noiselessly, and looking warningly at the girl's mother, softly told the child that he had come to tell her a story. He "knew a little boy who had the chicken-pox, and nobody knew what

was the matter with him. One day, the little fellow looked up into his mother's face and said, 'Mother, I know what I've got. I've got the chicken-pox; 'cause I found a feather in the bed.'" The little face had turned on the hot pillow, and as he kissed the little hand good-by, both mother and child were really laughing. A moment more, and he was on the street, hastening on to the next number, all of which he knew by heart. To this day, that mother will tell you how he saved that child's life.

Cards. The front room was brilliantly lighted. Little tables filled both rooms. Cards were here and there. A few ladies had already gathered. Others were coming up the street

steps. All confused the hostess came forward and said, "Well, you've caught me this time. What do you think of this, anyhow?" (Four or five such scenes have been related to me, but one reply will suffice.) As he slipped out, he said earnestly, "I've only called to ask how the boy was getting along in college." He never seemed to lose his sense of appropriate and suggestive help. His open words, public and private, were fearless as to all the subtle sins of society, but he never allowed an ill-timed word to cross-purpose his interest and responsibility in a home. That mother began to think of her boy in college with an awakened conscience which took responsibility and prayer into account. This new line of thought was associated with

that which had grown almost controlling. The card table, after all, was a secondary, not a primary affair.

The Secret.

But what was the secret of his power? How often the question comes to us from strangers, who have heard of his magnetism, his drawing and holding power, and who cannot explain it. As the years go on, and make a clearer focus and more accurate perspective possible, the answer seems increasingly satisfying, "It was the utter sweetness of his spirit, his Master's spirit, which the emptying of himself of self and selfish desires and selfish dominance had made possible to possess in double measure. He seemed to be entirely possessed of a spirit of love to all the world, without distinction of class, age, sex,

or color. This combined with a fine sensitiveness of perception of another's view-point gave him power to put himself in another's place and to do as he would be done by." To this definition of good-breeding, Dr. Babcock certainly lived up in all his dealings with men. It was no matter of parish expediency, of keeping on the right side of his people, of being able even to "do them good," that elusive and questionable possibility which flies before us like a will-o'-the-wisp, persuading us to help by doing rather than by being. The carpenter in the house, the ash-man in the alley, the child on the street, even the yellow dog that he passed —all were the better for his presence. Why? I believe the answer is, there was in him the Spirit of Christ, of peace

His Influence.

and good-will, of love, joy, gentleness, goodness and the intense desire to share his Father's love with his Father's children. This made the atmosphere in which he lived seem cleaner, purer, more holy.

In this connection, we quote from a letter from one church member to another. This quotation he once printed in the weekly calendar.

For yourself I have many times besought the Lord. Truly He is able to keep what we commit. Perhaps you have not really committed everything in your heart and life to Him. You know the word "commit" means "deposit." and that is taking one's hands off. We are to reckon ourselves dead, and that is our good self as well as our bad self. In a word, I do believe we are to have done with the subjective in our Christian life and ever be occupied with Christ who is

our life. This may not seem very practicable, but I assure you it is. Study about Him; think of Him; let the Holy Spirit glorify Him in your apprehension, and then He will be glorified in your experience. Communion with Christ is most certainly the source of all likeness to Christ.

Below it he wrote:

Reflecting.

The outward look, not the inward, leads to health. The upward look, not the downward, leads to humility. The Christward look, not the selfward, leads to holiness and Heaven. "But we all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Lord—the Spirit." 2 Cor. 3 : 18.

Personal Work.

Although very many instances have come to light of that brief but effective pastorate in the Brick Church, we would recount but one which calls attention characteristically to his win-

some yet persistent work for the souls of men. A young man of brilliant and striking personality, who had been brought up strictly in a church of another denomination from Dr. Babcock's, was struggling to complete his education in New York. This Sunday morning on which he attended the Brick Church service, was the one previous to communion.

After the announcements, Dr. Babcock leaned forward, and with most earnest evidence of personal feeling, urged those who had hesitated heretofore to confess Christ, to do so at that time, stating that if there were any individuals present, no matter of what religious training, who believed in Jesus Christ and desired to serve Him, he would be glad to talk with them after the service.

Then he added: "Young man, do not leave this place without letting me talk with you, if you think that I can help you. I would request all friends in the parish to make way for strangers and those in need of spiritual help, at the close of the service."

The young man had for years been considering this question, but had from time to time postponed the decision. He decided immediately to take the step; but the friend with him urged him to walk down town with him, and hesitating, the resolve was broken, and he went down Fifth Avenue with his friend. At every street crossing, his conscience pricked him, and finally, after passing one or two of the hotels, he told his friend, that he was going back to speak to Dr. Babcock.

As he walked up the aisle, he saw a number of people who were still waiting to greet the pastor socially, but with a peculiar instinct, Dr. Babcock seemed to catch the eye of this young man, and excusing himself to all the others, he reached through the crowd and beckoned to him, "You wanted to see me personally? Is it in regard to the invitation I gave this morning?" After a few words, Dr. Babcock said, "I will call on you this week." Although the young man tried to make other arrangements, he was firm and said, "No, I will see you in your room."

Three times that week Dr. Babcock went to see that student, up in his little room at the top of one of the four or five story buildings now cut up into roomers' quarters. The

third time he found him, and although the man had been reluctant to let him see the restricted conditions which his small means could alone afford, this was quickly overcome, and he spent over an hour in that young man's room, until he settled freely and completely each personal difficulty. The open confession the following Sunday was decisive and sincere. The young man related this incident to the pastor of his home church in a neighbouring city, saying that Dr. Babcock had urged him to confess Christ in a church of his own denomination unless he felt definitely led to do otherwise.

The Far Reach.

No greater or more beautiful tribute has recently been paid to this man of God as a city pastor than that

impersonal reference made by Miss Mary E. Richmond, formerly engaged in the charity work of our city, in her little book recently published, "The Good Neighbour."

The last chapter begins by saying, "I am forcibly reminded of one who was called from this earth some years ago but whose ministry in a large city church still remains an inspiration to many. His creed and mine differed widely and I seldom heard him preach, but there was no public task with which I was associated that did not show the influence of his daily endeavour to apply the Gospel of Christ to the life of the city in which we both worked. The city's great net-work, with its tangles here, its gaps there, its complex of relations, political, educational, in-

dustrial, social—this huge net and its motley contents he saw largely and sanely but with an intense compassion for the spiritually undernourished that were caught within its mesh.

Training his Church.

"Some clergymen who feel this 'call of the city,' fling themselves unselfishly into its life, but dissipate their strength by becoming directors of many boards, attending many meetings and making many addresses on a great variety of topics. This was not his way. Having in mind always that the exercise and development of the members of his own congregation in the Christian life was his highest duty, he set himself the task of studying first the needs of the city in which they lived then the possibilities both social and spiritual of

the many agencies created to meet these needs; and last, the aptitudes and capacities of his people. The city was their workshop, and into it he fed them freely, associating them with every uplifting work that was going forward. Some of his men visited prisons and became volunteer probation officers in charge of individual boys, others founded an equitable loan company for the poorer sort of borrowers and many worked hard in municipal campaigns. The women of his church visited families in distress under the best guidance that he was able to secure for them, and gave efficient aid on hospital committees and in children's work.

The church had no group of charitable buildings, no new charities to

which it could point with pride; it was a city as a whole that bore eloquent witness to the power of his preaching. But in however many places outside the church boundaries his people may have made that power felt, all the work that they did was religious work; they always so regarded it, and their first loyalty was always to their church and its leader. Sometimes it seemed to me, an onlooker, that he played upon the community as upon a great organ, drawing from it new and inspiring spiritual harmonies."

Memorials.

The Memorial window which commemorates his love and faithfulness in Brown Memorial has this text: "Not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision." As we look with John the

Seer from desolate Patmos up into the mysterious beauty of "The Holy City," we catch the gleam of light from the city itself, and as it scintillates in the sparkling water of the River of Life, we see the angels on the right lifting up their crowns to him that overcometh.

The beautiful tablet which inscribes his memory in the Brick Church, in New York, gives us the secret:

Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer. He preached the word with gladness, comforted the sorrowful with tender mercy and brought a blessing in the name of Christ to the hearts of his people who remember him ever with grateful love.

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Footsteps in a parish

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